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LADY ATTENDANT

THE TELEGRAM IS READ BY THE MASSES. USE ITS WANT COLUMN.

Fads and Philanthropy

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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Honor Wilding, looking steadily out a window of the city library, was seeing visions, all of which concerned a yellow haired young man. Each vision was rose color at the beginning and somber gray at the ending. That she herself was reasonable for the tinting did not alter the fact that Honor's eyes were watery and her lips very near to trembling. She turned from the window to the readers, wondering aimlessly if any of them had had ideals and were sorry.

Finally her eyes traveled to the farther corner, where were the newspaper files. There stood a man, his back to her. He was very shabby, but he had yellow hair, and he was about the height. Just then he turned a little and began tightening his belt. Honor heard the noon bells ringing. She had heard that if one were very, very hungry it helped a little to girl one's waist very tightly. Poor fellow! Then he turned entirely around and took up his ragged hat. Honor dropped her magazine, her gloves, her purse, her handkerchief and her parasol and sprang toward him.

"Why, Mervin Fairbanks, how glad I am to see you!"

"Well, well, how my fame as a prophet soars! I said that you should not see me again till you would be glad of the sight. And how goes the gay world with you, Miss Honor Wilding?"

Honor expected him to shrink from her, ashamed of his apparent poverty, but she remembered he usually had done the unexpected. He picked up her belongings, and they went out. Standing in the shadow of the gray-stone building, she lifted hesitating eyes to his.

"Will you come home with me, Mervin? I want so much to know of your wanderings these past two years."

She was surprised again at his quick consent. She remembered Mervin Fair-

banks as a young man, full of life and energy, who had been a member of the same high school as she.

"Well, you see," he began hesitatingly and shamefacedly, "Jack Brownson was on my train yesterday. He is really trying to reform, and he wanted a certain position, but thought he was too shabby to make any showing. The man he wanted to meet was to be at the station, so there wasn't anything to do but go to the dressing room and change clothes with him. Fortunately these, though ragged, are quite clean. I thought I would wear these a day or two, just to imagine what the fellows felt like when they were down on their luck. When you came to me I was so hungry to see you that I simply had to come, rags and all. May I go now, Honor?"

"You are Mervin Fairbanks, philanthropist, and didn't know it!" laughed Honor gleefully. "No, don't go just yet."

Just as the Fighting Cadet, Admiral Jonett, familiarly known as "Fighting Jimmy," was acting secretary of the navy once when the commandant of the academy at Annapolis came over and reported that he had been compelled to discipline a cadet who had behaved in a most unbecomingly manner and had disgraced the academy, the department, the government and all civilization. He then proceeded to relate how this cadet, when passing through the lower regions of the town of Annapolis had somehow or another become involved in hostilities with a tough citizen and proceeded to polish him off. The friends of the tough came to his rescue. The cadet backed up against a wall and whiplashed five of them in succession and then nearly hammered the life out of two policemen who attempted to arrest him. He was in the custody of the civil authorities, and the superintendent of the academy was seeking the aid of the secretary of the navy in having him transferred to the naval authorities in order that he might be court martialed and punished.

"Court martial that fellow?" roared Jonett. "Licked five toughs and two policemen. Not while old Jim Jonett is living! The boy ought to have a medal. What do you do about the lower regions of the town?"

"You suppose the government of the United States hired you to raise a lot of boys to play checkers?"

A Very Useful Tree.

The most marvelous tree in the world is the caranaba palm, which grows in Brazil. Its roots produce the same medicinal effect as sarsaparilla. From parts of the tree wine and vinegar are made. Its fruit is used for feeding cattle. Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms and mats are made. It is also used for thatching houses. The pulp has an agreeable taste, and the nut, which is oleaginous and emulsive, is sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Its stems afford strong, light fibers, which acquire a beautiful luster and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials. It yields also a saccharine substance as well as starch resembling sugar. Of the wood of the stem musical instruments, water tubes and pumps are made. From the stem a white liquid similar to the milk of the coconut and a flour resembling maize may be extracted. Moreover, salt is extracted from the tree, and likewise an alkali used in the manufacture of common soap.—Answers.

The best treatment for indigestion and troubles of the stomach is to rest the stomach. It can be rested by a good digestant. Kodol puts the stomach in shape to satisfactorily perform its functions. Good for indigestion, sour stomach, flatulence, palpitation of the heart and dyspepsia. Kodol is made in strict conformity with the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by Stone & Maroon.

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RELIEVES ALL FORMS OF SKIN DISEASE

Hairbrushes.

The brush trade is full of deceptions. An experienced hand will by touch tell if a broom or brush be all hair or a mixture. But if ever in doubt pull out or cut off a suspicious hair and apply a match. However well doctored, the deception will be shown at once. Hairs will burn, rolling up ball-like, with the well known smell of burned hair, while a vegetable substitute will consume, leaving the charred portion like a burned match.—New York Telegram.

Hall Trees.

A woman was much astonished to receive a letter from another woman asking for a slip of her hall tree. "I understand," she wrote, "you've got a good variety of hall trees, and as we've just finished us a new house with a real nice hall we'll need a tree, and we'd be ever so much obliged if you'd send us a slip up yours. And please will you send along with the slip directions telling us whether to water it from the top or bottom?"

Conundrums.

Visitor (to artist's young wife)—Whatever were you two laughing over so just now? Wife—Oh, it was such fun! My husband painted, and I cooked, and then we both guessed what the things were meant for.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Lost Opportunities.

"What a pity it was that baseball was not known in the old Roman gladiatorial time."

"Why so?"

"Because they would have so enjoyed killing the umpire."—Baltimore American.

Self Respect.

There is no one thing so necessary for one's real advancement in life as a thorough self respect. You must think well of yourself, or others will not respect you.—Success Magazine.

The World is like a Staircase—some go up and others come down.—Italian Proverb.

A Poet's Homely Face.

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a notably unpleasant, cadaverous countenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his unamusement, he joked about his ugliness incessantly and deceived his friends into supposing him indifferent to it. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who, with Byron and Moore, was dining with him, and said:

"Chautrey wants to perpetuate this miserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?"

"If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my prayers, my face buried in my hands."

Rogers laughed, with the other persons present, but he shot a malignant glance at the jester and, it is said, never fully forgave him for the bonmot.

Thankfulness.

I am no friend to the people who receive the bounties of Providence without visible gratitude. When the sixpence falls into your hat you may laugh. When the messenger of an unexpected blessing takes you by the hand and lifts you up and bids you walk you may leap and run and sing for joy, even as the lame man whom St. Peter healed skipped piously and rejoiced aloud as he passed through the beautiful gate of the temple. There is no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy is as much a duty as beneficence is. Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.—Henry Van Dyke.

Facial Horticulture.

"A new milkman left our milk today," announced Dorothy.

"Did he have whiskers?" asked her mother, thinking perhaps it was the proprietor.

"No," said the four-year-old; "he didn't have whiskers, but he had the roots."—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Couldn't.

"No, I didn't have a very good time," she said. "I wanted to talk, and there wasn't a man there."

"But there were plenty of other girls."

"Oh, of course, but that was no satisfaction, for they all wanted to talk too."

Unfair.

Another unfair thing in life—the bride, with a wealth of hair, wears a veil, but the groom, who has a bald spot and really needs a veil to cover it, is denied the privilege.—Atchison Globe.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

At one time during the life of John Bright there were no fewer than seven members of his family with seats in the house of commons.

The Publicity Speculation.

The public as a body never buys anything when it is cheap. There are numerous reasons for this. To begin with, the point of view of the successful speculator and that of the public trader are entirely different. The first named operates on deductions, on carefully created theories of what conditions will be a year or two years hence. The unsophisticated trader acts upon whatever of the future is already apparent. It is again a platitude to say that Wall street discounts everything, good or bad, but how many people who mouth this axiom extract its full meaning? They do not realize that this discounting means, not the gauging of the market, but of the wholly unknown. The man who acts today on the probable conditions of the long, unseen future is the man who makes money in Wall street or in any other enterprises of that nature, and the man whose mind goes forth into the future makes the most money. "If I could only see the tape a month ahead!" cries the tyro. There are many men who see it a year ahead, not in its flurries and fractions, but in its green and important entirety.—Thomas Gibson in Moody's Magazine.

Does Not Always What They Seem.

Does the average fair buyer know that the far eastern mink is simply a dyed marmot with the black stripes painted in with a toothbrush? Does the buyer know that the low priced black lynx sets are nothing but common wildcats or European cats, or in some cases soft Chinese wolf skin? Does he know that the white ermine pillow muffs selling for a song are really weasels, and yellow weasels at that, since a white weasel commands almost as high a price as its dear relative, the ermine? Then the sable lynx scarfs and muffs that sell for a few dollars are of course nothing but coney or hare, while the cheaper caracul sets are simply kid astrakhan, which is some thing entirely different from caracul—as different indeed as ordinary Persian is from broadtail. The beautiful imitation white fox sets that appear also are generally mouflon, or in some cases combed white rabbit.—Nugent's Bulletin.

A Daring Bishop.

A story of the great Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand is told by Commander Gambier of the British navy in his book. The bishop's missionary yacht, the Southern Cross, touched a coral reef when entering the harbor Port of France, New Caledonia. It became necessary to examine her bottom, but the sharks were so numerous and so daring that nobody would venture into the water. "So the bishop, who held that if a man showed a bold front to a shark he would sheer off, went overboard himself with a long sharp knife in his mouth for defense, and, diving under his vessel, ascertained the damage. He then came on board our ship, and we arranged to caress the yacht sufficiently to enable him to nail on some copper sheets, which he did himself, again spending a long time in the water. For some curious reason not a single shark bore in sight all the time."

The Silver Linings.

Mrs. Suburbs (after the crash)—There is another of my china dinner gongs! Suburbs—Never mind, dear; it has stopped the cook's singing.